

THEATER

ANDREW BUSSEY

A sandwhirl spins across the dunes
in this oven of stone
carrying bits of sand that it throws about.
The blasted hate-sun
chars me and the wind
dry as the hate in everyone's eyes.

The sandbags filling my ears
whisper
you can't do it anymore.

Ain't the way you murder
or the sleep
or the shrines to Gunpowder,
Am I afraid?
Do me the favor.

I stand on a block of sandstone,
sun-stupid
wipe my forehead
like it'll make a difference,
when I realize this black
black
gas powered
closed-bolt
8.8 pound chunk of aluminum
feels
so heavy.